

Then be my passions bottomlesse with them.

Mar. But yet let reason gouerne thy lament.

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,

Then into limits could I binde my woes:

When heaven doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?

If the windes rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,

Threatning the welkin with his big-swolne face?

And wilt thou haue a reason for this coile?

I am the Sea. Harke how her sighes doe flow:

Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:

Then must my Sea be moued with her sighes,

Then must my earth with her continuall teares,

Become a deluge: ouerflow'd and drown'd:

For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,

But like a drunkard must I vomit them:

Then giue me leaue, for loofers will haue leaue,

To ease their stomackes with their bitter tongues,

Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,

For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour:

Heere are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.

And heeres thy hand in scorn to thee sent backe:

Thy griefes, their sports: Thy resolution mockt,

That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,

More then remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*

Mar. Now let hot *Aetna* coole in *Cicilie*,

And be my heart an euer-burning hell:

These miseries are more then may be borne.

To weepe with them that weepe, doth ease some deale,

But sorrow flouted at, is double death.

Luci. Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,

And yet detested life not shrinke thereat:

That euer death should let life beare his name,

Where life hath no more interest but to breath.

Mar. Alas poore hart that kisse is comfortlesse,

As frozen water to a starved snake.

Titus. When will this fearefull slumber haue an end?

Mar. Now farwell flatterie, die *Andronicus*,

Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sons heads,

Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here:

Thy other banisht sonnes with this deere sight

Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,

Euen like a stony Image, cold and numme.

Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,

Rent off thy siluer haire, thy other hand

Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight

The closing vp of our most wretched eyes:

Now is a time to storme, why art thou still?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha,

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this houre.

Ti. Why I haue not another teare to shed:

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,

And would vsurpe vpon my watry eyes,

And make them blinde with tributarie teares,

Then which way shall I finde Reuenges Cause?

For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,

And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,

Till all these mischiefs be returned againe,

Euen in their throats that haue committed them.

Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,

You heauie people, circle me about,

That I may turne me to each one of you,

And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs.

The vow is made, come Brother take a head,

And in this hand the other will I beare.

And *Lavinia* thou shalt be employd in these things:

Beare thou my hand sweet wench betwene thy teeth:

As for thee boy, goe get thee from my sight,

Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,

Hie to the *Goths*, and raise an army there,

And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,

Let's kisse and part, for we haue much to doe. *Exeunt.*

Manet Lucius.

Luci. Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father:

The wofullst man that euer liu'd in Rome:

Farewell proud Rome, till *Lucius* come againe,

Heloues his pledges dearer then his life:

Farewell *Lavinia* my noble sister,

O would thou wert as thou to fore hast beene,

But now, nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* liues

But in obliuion and hateful griefes:

If *Lucius* liue, he will requit your wrongs,

And make proud *Saturnine* and his Emperesse

Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queene.

Now will I to the *Goths* and raise a power,

To bereueng'd on Rome and *Saturnine*. *Exit Lucius.*

A Banquet.

Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lavinia, and the Boy.

An. So, so, now sit, and looke you eate no more

Then will preferue iust so much strength in vs

As will reuenge these bitter woes of ours.

Marcus vnknit that sorrow-wreath knot:

Thy Neece and I (poore Creatures) want our hands

And cannot passionate our tenfold griefe,

With foulded Armes. This poore right hand of mine,

Is left to tyrannize vpon my breast.

Who when my hart all mad with misery,

Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,

Then thus I thumpe it downe.

Thou Map of woe, that thus dost talk in signes,

When thy poore hart beates without tragique beating,

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still?

Wound it with fighting girdle, kil it with grooves:

Or get some little knife betwene thy teeth,

And iust against thy hart make thou a hole,

That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall

May run into that sinke, and soaking in,

Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea salt teares.

Mar. Fy brother fy, teach her not thus to lay

Such violent hands vpon her tender life.

An. How now! Has sorrow made thee doate already?

Why *Marcus*, no man should be mad but I:

What violent hands can she lay on her life:

Ah, wherefore dost thou vrge the name of hands,

To bid *Aeneas* tell the tale twice ore

How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?

O handle not the theame, to talke of hands,

Least we remember still that we haue none,

Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I square my talke

As if we should forget we had no hands:

If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands,

Come, lets fall too, and gentle girdle ease this,

Heere is no drinke? Harke *Marcus* what she saies,

I can interpret all her martir'd signes,

She saies, she drinke no other drinke but teares

Breu'd with her sorrow: meth'd vpon her cheekes,

Speech.

Speechlesse complainer, I will learne thy thought:

In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect

As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.

Thou shalt not sigh nor hold thy stumps to heauen,

Nor winke, nor nod, nor kneele, nor make a signe,

But I (of these) will wrest an Alphabet,

And by still practice, learne to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandfire leaue these bitter deepe laments,

Make my Aunt merry, with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy in passion mou'd,

Doth weepe to see his grandfires heauinesse.

An. Peace tender Sapling, thou art made of teares,

And teares will quickly melt thy life away.

Marcus strikes the dist with a knife.

What dost thou strike at *Marcus* with knife?

Mar. At that that I haue kil'd my Lord, a Flys

An. Out on the murderour: thou kil'st my hart,

Mine eyes cloi'd with view of Tyrannie:

A deed of death done on the Innocent

Becoms not *Titus* brother: get thee gone,

I see thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas (my Lord) I haue but kil'd a flie.

An. But? How? if that flie had a father and mother?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings

And buz lamenting doings in the ayer,

Poore harmelesse Fly,

That with his pretty buzzing melody,

Came heere to make vs merry,

And thou hast kil'd him.

Mar. Pardon me sir,

It was a blacke illfaur'd Fly,

Like to the Emperesse Moore, therefore I kil'd him.

An. O, o, o,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,

For thou hast done a Charitable deed:

Giue me thy knife, I will insult on him,

Flattering my selfe, as if it were the Moore,

Come hither purposely to poison me.

There's for thy selfe, and thats for *Tamira*: Ah sirra,

Yet I thinke we are not brought so low,

But that betwene vs, we can kill a Fly,

That comes in likeness of a Cole-blacke Moore.

Mar. Alas poore man, griefe ha's so wrought on him,

Hetakes false shadowes, for true substances.

An. Come, take away: *Lavinia*, goe with me,

Ile to thy closet, and goe read with thee

Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.

Come boy, and goe with me, thy sight is young,

And thou shalt read, when mine begin to dazell. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and the Boy flies from her with his bookes vnder his arme.

Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Helpe Grandfire helpe, my Aunt *Lavinia*,

Followes me euery where I know not why.

Good Vncle *Marcus* see how swift she comes,

Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you meane.

Mar. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thy Aunt.

Titus. She loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme

Boy. I when my father was in Rome she did.

Mar. What meanes my Neece *Lavinia* by these signes?

Ti. Feare not *Lucius*, somewhat doth she meane:

See *Lucius* see, how much she makes of thee:

Some whether would she haue thee goe with her.

Ah boy, *Cornelia* neuer with more care

Read to her sonnes, then she hath read to thee,

Sweet Poetry, and *Tullies* Oratour:

Canst thou not gesse wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord I know not, nor can I gesse,

Vnlesse some fit or frenzie do possesse her:

For I haue heard my Grandfire say full oft,

Extremitie of griefes would make men mad.

And I haue read that *Hecube* of Troy,

Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to feare,

Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,

Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,

And would not but in fury fright my youth,

Which made me downe to throw my bookes, and flie

Causles perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,

And Madam, if my Vncle *Marcus* goe,

I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Mar. *Lucius* I will.

Ti. How now *Lavinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?

Some booke there is that she desires to see,

Which is it girle of these? Open them boy,

But thou art deeper read and better skild,

Come and take choyse of all my Library,

And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heauens

Reueale the damn'd contriuer of this deed.

What booke?

Why lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus?

Mar. I thinke she meanes that ther was more then one

Confederate in the fact, I more there was:

Or else to heauen she heaues them to reuenge.

Ti. *Lucius* what booke is that she toseth so?

Boy. Grandfire 'tis *Ouids* *Metamorphosis*,

My mother gaue it me.

Mar. For loue of her that's gone,

Perhaps she culd it from among the rest.

Ti. Soft, so busily she turnes the leaues,

Helpe her, what would she finde? *Lavinia* shall I read?

This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*?

And treates of *Tereus* treason and his rape,

And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.

Mar. See brother see, note how she quotes the leaues

Ti. *Lavinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd sweet girle,

Rauisht and wrong'd as *Philomela* was?

Forc'd in the ruthlesse, vast, and gloomy woods?

See, see, I such a place there is where we did hunt,

(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)

Patern'd by that the Poet heere describes,

By nature made for murthers and for rapes.

Mar. O why should nature build so foule a den,

Vnlesse the Gods delight in tragedies?

Ti. Giue signes sweet girle, for heere are none but friends

What Romaine Lord it was durst do the deed?

Or slunke not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erst,

That left the Campe to sinne in *Lucrece* bed.